SISTER ROSE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

He spoke with a quiet sadness in his voice, which meant far more to his sister than the simple words he uttered. Her eyes filled with tears; she turned for a moment from her lover and took her brother's hand. "Don't talk, Louis, as if you thought you were going to lose your sister, because—" Her lip began to tremble, and she stopped suddenly.

"More jealous than ever of your taking her away from him!" whispered Madame Danville in her son's ear. "Hush! don't, for God's sake, take any notice of it," she added hurriedly, as he rose from the seat and faced Trudaine with undisguised irritation and impatience in his manner. Before he could speak, the old servant Guillaume made his appearance, and announced that coffee was ready. Madame Danville again said "Hush!" and quickly took one of his arms, while he offered the other to Rose. "Charles!" said the young girl, amazedly, "how flushed your face is, and how your arm trembles!"

He controlled himself in a moment, smiled, and said to her, "Can't you guess why, Rose? I am thinking of to-morrow." While he was speaking, he passed close by the land-steward, on his way back to the house with the ladies. The smile returned to Monsieur Lomaque's lean face, and a curious light twinkled in his red-rimmed eyes, as he began a fresh hole in the grass.

"Won't you go in-doors, and take some coffee?" asked Trudaine, touching the land-steward on the arm.

Monsieur Lomaque started a little, and left his cane sticking in the ground. "A thousand thanks, monsieur," he said; "may I be allowed to follow you?"

"I confess the beauty of the evening makes me a little unwilling to leave this place just yet."

"Ah! the beauties of nature—I feel them with you, Monsieur Trudaine; I feel them here." Saying this, Lomaque laid one hand on his heart, and with the other pulled his stick out of the grass. He had looked as little at the landscape or setting sun as Monsieur Justin himself.

CHAPTER III.

THEY sat down, side by side, on the empty bench; and then there followed an awkward pause. Submissive Lomaque was too discreet to forget his place, and venture on starting a new topic. Trudaine was preoccupied, and disinclined to talk. It was necessary, however, in common politeness, to say something. Hardly attending himself to his own words, he began with a common-place phrase—"I regret, Monsieur Lomaque, that we have not had more opportunities of bettering our acquaintance."

"I feel deeply indebted," rejoined the land-steward, "to the admirable Madame Danville for having chosen me as her escort hither from her son's estate near Lyons, and having thereby procured for me the honor of this introduction." Both Monsieur Lomaque's red-rimmed eyes were seized with a sudden fit of winking, as he made this polite speech. His enemies were accustomed to say that, whenever he was particularly insincere, or particularly deceitful, he always took refuge in the weakness of his eyes, and so evaded the trying ordeal of being obliged to look steadily at the person whom he was speaking with.

"I was pleased to hear you mention my late father's name, at dinner, in terms of high respect," continued Trudaine, resolutely keeping up the conversation. "Did you know him?"

"I am indirectly indebted to your excellent father," answered the land-steward, "for the very situation which I now hold. At a time when the good word of a man of substance and reputation was needed to save me from poverty and ruin, your father spoke that word. Since then, I have, in my own very small way, succeeded in life until I have risen to the honor of superintending the estate of Monsieur Danville."

"Excuse me—but your way of speaking of your present situation rather surprises me. Your father, I believe, was a merchant just as Danville's father was a merchant; the only difference between them was, that one failed, and the other realized a large fortune. Why should you speak of yourself as honored by holding your present place?"

"Have you never heard?" exclaimed Lomaque, with an appearance of great astonishment, "or can you have heard, and forgotten, that Madame Danville is descended from one of the noble houses of France? Has she never told you, as she has often told me, that she condescended when she married her late husband; and that her great object in life is to get the title of her family (years since extinct in the male line) settled on her son?"

"Yes," replied Trudaine; "I remember to have heard something of this, and to have paid no great attention to it at the time, having little sympathy with such aspirations as you describe. You have lived many years in Danville's service, Monsieur Lomaque; have you"—he hesitated for a moment, then continued, looking the land-steward full in the face, "have you found him a good and kind master?"

Lomaque's thin lips seemed to close instinctively at the question, as if he were never going to speak again. He bowed—Trudaine waited—he only bowed again. Trudaine waited a third time. Lomaque looked at his host with perfect steadiness for an instant, then his eyes began to get weak again. "You seem to have some special interest," he quietly remarked, "if I may say so without offense, in asking me that question."

"I deal frankly, at all hazard, with every one," returned Trudaine; "and, stranger as you are, I will deal frankly with you. I acknowledge that I have an interest in asking that question—the dearest, the tenderest of all interests." At those last words his voice trembled for a moment, but he went on firmly: "From the beginning of my sister's engagement with Danville, I made it my duty not to conceal my own feelings; my conscience and my affection for Rose counseled me to be candid to the last, even though my candor should distress or offend others. When we first made the acquaintance of Madame Danville, and when I first discovered that her son's attentions to Rose were not unfavorably received, I felt astonished, and though it cost me a hard effort, I did not conceal that astonishment from my sister—"

Lomaque, who had hitherto been all attention, started here, and threw up his hands in amazement. "Astonished, did I hear you say? Astonished, Monsieur Trudaine, that the attentions of a young gentleman possessed of all the graces and accomplishments of a highly-bred Frenchman should be favorably received by a young lady! Astonished that such a dancer, such a singer, such a talker, such a notoriously fascinating ladies' man as Monsieur Danville should, by dint of respectful assiduity, succeed in making some impression on the heart of Mademoiselle Rose! Oh! Monsieur Trudaine, venerated Monsieur Trudaine, this is almost too much to credit!" Lomaque's eyes grew weaker than ever, and winked incessantly, as he uttered this apostrophe. At the end he threw up his hands again, and blinked inquiringly all round him, in mute appeal to universal nature.

"When, in the course of time, matters were farther advanced," continued Trudaine, without paying any attention to the interruption; "when the offer of marriage was made, and when I knew that Rose had in her own heart accepted it, I objected, and I did not conceal my objections—"

"Heavens!" interrupted Lomaque again, clasping his hands this time with a look of bewilderment; "what objections? what possible objections to a man, young and well-bred, with an immense fortune and an uncompromised character? I have heard of these objections. I know they have made bad blood; and I ask myself again and again, what can they be?"

"God knows I have often tried to dismiss them from my mind, as fanciful and absurd," said Trudaine, "and I have always failed. It is impossible, in your presence, that I can describe in detail what my own impressions have been, from the first, of the master whom you serve. Let it be enough if I confide to you that I cannot, even now, persuade myself of the sincerity of his attachment to my sister, and that I feel—in spite of myself, in spite of my earnest desire to put the most implicit confidence in Rose's choice—a distrust of his character and temper, which now, on the eve of the marriage, amounts to positive terror. Long secret suffering, doubt, and suspense wring this confession from me, Monsieur Lomaque, almost unawares, in defiance of caution, in defiance of all the conventionalities of society. You have lived for years under the same roof with this man; you have seen him in his most unguarded and private moments. I tempt you to betray no confidence—I only ask you if you can make me happy by telling me that I have been doing your master grievous injustice by my opinion of him? I ask you to take my hand and tell me if you can, in all honor, that my sister is not risking the happiness of riage to Danville to-morrow!"

He held out his hand while he spoke. By some strange chance, Lomaque happened just at that moment to be looking away towards those beauties of nature which he admired so greatly. "Really, Monsieur Trudaine, really such an appeal from you, at such a time, amazes me." Having got so far, he stopped and said no more.

"When we first sat down together here, I had no thought of making this appeal, no idea of talking to you as I have talked," pursued the other. "My words have escaped me, as I told you, almost unawares—you must make allowances for them and for me. I cannot expect others, Monsieur Lomaque, to appreciate and understand my feelings for Rose. We two have lived alone in the world together; father, mother, kindred, they all died years since and left us. I am so much older than my sister, that I have learnt to feel toward her more as a father than as a brother. All my life, all my dearest hopes, all my highest expectations have centered in her. I was past the period of my boyhood when my mother put my little child sister's hand in mine, and said to me on her death bed, 'Louis, be all to her that I have been, for she has no one left to look to but you.' Since then the loves and ambitions of other men have not been my loves or my ambitions. Sister Rose—as we all used to call her in those past days, as I love to call her still—Sister Rose has been the one aim, the one happiness, the one precious trust, the one treasured reward of all my life. I have lived in this poor house, in this dull retirement, as in a Paradise, because Sister Rose, my innocent, happy, bright-faced Eve, has lived here with me. Even if the husband of her choice had been the husband of mine, the necessity of parting with her would have been the hardest, the bitterest of trials. As it is, thinking what I think, dreading what I dread, judge what my feelings must be on the eve of her marriage; and know why, and with what object, I made the appeal which surprised you a moment since, but which cannot surprise you now. Speak if you will—I can say no more." He sighed bitterly; his head dropped on his breast, and the hand which he had extended to Lomaque trembled as he withdrew it and let it fall at his side.

The land-steward was not a man accustomed to hesitate, but he hesitated now. He was not usually at a loss for phrases in which to express himself, but he stammered at the very outset of his reply. "Suppose I answered," he began, slowly; "suppose I told you that you wronged him; would my testimony really be strong enough to shake opinions, or rather presumptions, which have been taking firmer and firmer hold of you for months and months past? Suppose, on the other hand, that my master had his little"—(Lomaque hesitated before he pronounced the next word)—"his little—infirmities, let me say, but only hypothetically, mind that—infirmities; and suppose I had observed them, and was willing to confide them to you; what purpose would such a confidence answer now at the eleventh hour, with Mademoiselle Rose's heart engaged, with the marriage fixed for to-morrow? No! no! trust me—"

Trudaine looked up suddenly. "I thank you for reminding me, Monsieur Lomaque, that it is too late now to make inquiries, and by consequence too late also to trust in others. My sister has chosen; and on the subject of that choice my lips shall be henceforth sealed. The events of the future are with God; whatever they may be, I hope I am strong enough to bear my part in them with the patience and the courage of a man! I apologize, Monsieur Lomaque, for having thoughtlessly embarrassed you by questions which I had no right to ask. Let us return to the house—I will show you the way."

Lomaque's lips opened, then closed again; he bowed uneasily, and his sallow complexion whitened for a moment.

Trudaine led the way in silence back to the house, the land-steward following slowly at a distance of several paces, and talking in whispers to himself. "His father was the saving of me," muttered Lomaque; "that is the truth, and there is no getting over it; his father was the saving of me, and yet here am I—no! it's too late!—too late to speak—too late to act—too late to do anything!"

Close to the house they were met by the old servant. "My young lady has just sent me to call you in to coffee, Monsieur," said Guillaume. "She has kept a cup hot for you, and another cup for Monsieur Lomaque."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BLENHEIM SPANIEL.

Most Lovable of the Four-Footed Pets of Womankind.

Of all the pets of womankind, babies alone excepted, there is nothing more lovable than the tiny Blenheim spaniel, says an exchange. Why this breed of dogs has the name of the palace of the duke of Marlborough no one seems to know. The story goes, however, that the first duke had the breed and that, on a friend's requesting a puppy, he refused to part with one, but at the same time took two or three blind whelps and threw them to tame eagles. But in the year 1800 his grace the duke of Marlborough was reputed to possess the smallest and best breed of cockers (woodcock spaniels) in Britain. They were invariably red and white, with very long ears, short noses and black eyes. They were evidently the ancestors of the present Blenheims, which are still bred by the keepers of the lodge at Blenheim and some of the inhabitants of Woodstock. But there is little doubt that they have been crossed with the pug to give them the very short snub noses which they now possess. Moreover, the breed has become very delicate and difficult to rear. They suffer from brain disease and are more likely than any other dog to die in puppyhood. "Idstone," the celebrated writer on dogs, remembers the time when the Blenheims were mainly bred in the vicinity of the palace. He suggests as a probably origin of the Blenheims the Japanese toy spaniel. The surmise seems very probable. As it is the ambition of every English woman to own one of these tiny creatures they will probably some day be the rage in this country; therefore, it is well to know something of their pedigree.

Russian Doctors.

One of those painstaking persons called statisticians has been turning his attention to the position of Russia in regard to its supply of doctors. The country has produced a number of eminent chemists, but medical men are somewhat scarce. In all Russia there are only 15,740 qualified practitioners, of whom 553 are women.

An Old Instrument.

An odd instrument has just been invented combining a fan and an ear-trumpet. The deaf lady, when she wishes to hear what is being said, folds up her fan into a shape somewhat like the paper packets used by grocers, and applies the small end to her ear.

DEACON WILLIAMS DID IT.

Gave the Storekeeper an Idea and He Came Near Going Into Bankruptcy.

Opposite the railroad depot was a grocery, kept by a colored man, and as we had some time to wait for the train three or four of us crossed over to look at his stock.

Business was very brisk with the merchant, though all his customers were colored. We noticed that sugar, tea and codfish seemed to sell above all else and during a temporary lull approached the battered old scales on which everything was weighed and picked up some of the weights.

The hollow in each one had been filled with lead and when quite sure that the pound weight would balance at least twenty ounces of codfish I said to the old man:

"I see you have filled your weights with lead."

"Yes, sah—yes, sah," he replied, as he rubbed his hands together.

"What was the idea?"

"To keep de dirt out o' de holes, sah. Can't no dirt git in dar now."

"Was it your idea?"

"No, sah. I never should her got dat idea if it hadn't bin fur Deakun Williams. De deakun said it was de way dey did down in Greenville an' he fixed 'em up fur me widout cost."

"The deacon buys all his groceries here, doesn't he?"

"He do, sah. Yes, sah, he buys 'm all yere and he was tellin' me only dis mawnin' dat he nebber did see de beat how dem groceries held out."

He was advised to take his weights over to th cotton warehouse and have them weighed and he picked them up and started off at a slow walk and very much puzzled. When he returned it was on the run and his eyes hanging out and as he reached the store he exclaimed:

"No wonder I has gone into bankruptcy fo'teen times and had to sell my mewl and hogs an' make the ole woman go b'arfut! Dat ar' pound weight weighs twenty-two ounces, an' ebery time Deakun Williams has bought two pounds of sugar or codfish he has tooken away three pounds and a half! Shoo! I'se gwine to close de doah an' put up a sign of 'busted agin!'"—Detroit Free Press.

A Little Girl's Joke.

An uptown real estate dealer was made the victim of the whimsical pranks of a little girl one night recently. During an earnest conversation regarding a large plot of ground in the suburbs the child entered the room, and recognizing the caller as a family friend, was soon sitting on his knee, playfully tangling his luxurious beard. The conversation was quite animated and lasted some time. The parlor was but dimly lighted, and when the real estate man, after kissing the little girl good night, donned his coat and prepared to go, he failed to notice anything unusual in the appearance of his beard. It was not until he had taken a seat in the car that he became aware that something was wrong. Everybody in the car was staring at him and grinning. He stood it as long as he could, but finally put his hand nervously to his face. The next moment his face became crimson and he left the car and entered the nearest alleyway, where he proceeded to undo the neat little plaits in his whiskers, one hanging from each side of his chin.—Philadelphia Record.

The Poster Craze.

The poster collecting craze has started out with a flourish and bids fair to be as popular as the stamp collecting, or, for the matter of that, any other craze that has ever existed. The modern maid likes oddity, but she occasionally finds on her hands a collection of the unique things she most desires without knowing just how best to dispose of them. Here is a suggestion for the girl who has a hundred or more posters or magazine covers, of the new order, that she prizes, but does not know quite what to do with. Buy a tall, Japanese screen, no matter how substantial the cloth may be, just so the frame is strong. Cover it with blue or red denim and paste your posters, with edges nicely trimmed and a little space apart, smoothly on. It is surprising what a pretty decorative bit the poster screen makes.—St. Louis Republic.

Proof Positive.

When a man has made his application and passed the physical examination and the civil service examination and has duly seen a few people with pulls, and has gotten his appointment, and his uniform, and his billy, and twisters, and revolver, and has had a beat marked out for him, he feels at last that he is really a policeman, but when he sees a dirty-faced small boy stick his head around a corner at a safe distance and shout: "Aw, go chase yourself!" and then run violently away, he is absolutely sure of it.—Somerville Journal.

A Magnetized Tack Hammer.

An inventor has conceived the idea of a magnetized tack hammer. This will lift a tack from a box by the head, and it is only necessary to give a gentle tap to fix the nail in the wall or floor, or wherever it is intended to go. It can then be securely hammered in without the fingers coming in contact with the nail or the hammer in contact with the fingers.

Marking Towels.

If you wish to mark your silver, china, and glass towels in the very latest fashion, you will mark on the former two crossed spoons, on the glass towels a wineglass or tumbler, and on the china towels the outlines of a cup. These outlines are then worked in stem stitch, and even the maid ignorant of English cannot mistake their use.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

THE QUESTION OF spontaneous combustion in fodder stuffs has received considerable attention from agriculturists from time to time, and has been discussed in the agricultural literature of the day as supposed cases have arisen. Nearly all the supposed cases have originated where considerable quantities of clover hay have been stored, either in stacks or barns, and in nearly every case the stacks or buildings have been consumed, so it was impossible to sufficiently understand the circumstances of the cases to determine whether they were of spontaneous or incendiary origin. A recent fire, supposed to be of spontaneous origin, occurred in a hay mow in one of the college barns, without damaging the barn to any great extent and without consuming very much of the hay. The following detailed account will enable the reader to form some opinion as to the origin of the fire:

In the evening of October 16, 1895, fire was seen to be dropping from the ceiling of the cow stable underneath the east wing of the college barn. A general alarm of fire was sounded, and immediately a sufficient force of men assembled to prevent the fire from breaking out. Investigation soon proved the fire to be confined to a mow of hay 18x23 feet and about 23 feet high, which occupied a part of the wing over the cow stable mentioned. Precautions were taken to exclude all drafts of air from the hay mow by filling the holes burned through the floor over the cow stable with wet blankets and cloths, and also keeping the top of the mow covered with wet blankets. It was believed at this time that the only means of saving the whole barn from burning was to remove the mow of hay that was already on fire. Consequently openings were made in the side of the barn and the whole mow of hay, about thirty tons, was pitched out. While removing the hay, which all through the center of the mow was smouldering and ready to burst out in flames when exposed to a draft of air, it was found necessary to keep the top of it constantly wet. Fortunately, a hose from a nearby hydrant and pails in the hands of students afforded ample means of keeping the top of the mow constantly saturated, which prevented the hay in the barn from bursting into flames, and also prevented the hay that was thrown out of the mow from burning. All of the center of the mow was thoroughly compacted, hot and smoking. The high temperature of the hay made it decidedly uncomfortable for those who were working to save the barn from burning by removing this smouldering fodder. The continued application of water on the surface of the mow alone made this possible on account of the excessive heat. Not until all this lot of hay was removed from the barn was the danger from fire thought to be over. The floor of the barn on which this mow of hay rested is constructed of two thicknesses of wide inch boards so placed as to perfectly break joints. This floor forms the ceiling over the cow stable and is about eleven feet high. The holes burned through the floor were over the middle of the stable and not near partitions or posts. From the position of these holes burned through the floor, would seem improbable if not impossible for the origin of the fire to have been either accidental or incendiary. The side of the barn is of matched lumber; this undoubtedly averted a serious loss by fire by preventing anything like a draft to supply air to the hay already on fire.—Geo. C. Watson, Pennsylvania Experiment Station.

Talks on Fruit.

(From Farmers' Review Special report of Michigan Round-up Institute.)

The fruit session of the Michigan Round-up was held upon Wednesday, Feb. 12, at Grand Rapids. This city is in the center of the Michigan fruit belt, and as the fruit interests of its immediate vicinity are of great and growing importance it drew out a large attendance of intelligent and experienced fruit growers. The first upon the program was Rowland Merrill of Benton Harbor, who spoke upon "The Cultivation and Care of Peaches." The substance of this talk was given at South Haven and has already appeared in our columns. The paper was discussed by C. J. Monroe of South Haven.

The subject of "Marketing Peaches" was treated by R. D. Graham of Grand Rapids, who has been one of the leaders in securing better transportation facilities, and co-operation in marketing for the peaches grown in Kent county. As a result of the movement buyers and shippers have come in large numbers to Grand Rapids, and last year, when the sales were upon some days upward of 20,000 bushels they were handled without loss to the growers and at fair prices. The growers exchanged packages and went home with the cash in their pockets.

The principal reason for complaint was that the eastern markets were cut off by a high freight rate, it being fifty per cent higher east of Buffalo than within the limits of the Central Traffic Association. He gave as an estimate of shipments from Kent county, 650,000 bushels; while over 1,250,000 were sent from Allegan county, with smaller quantities from Berrien, Van Buren, Oceana and Mason. The question was discussed by C. A. Sessions of Shelby and others.

The "Growing of Peaches in Central Michigan" was the subject of the paper of H. P. Gladden of the Agricultural College. While peach culture is not successful upon the low lands, there are many ridges throughout the central and southern part of the state where they have been grown for years nearly as profitably as in the famed "peach belt" itself. While an occasional crop was lost in part, there had not been an entire failure for years where the orchards were in favorable locations and were properly cared for. It is desirable to have ravines lead down the slopes, as these will aid in drawing the cold air to the lower levels. As a rule the north or northwest slopes were preferable as on a south slope the buds are likely to start early and be killed by spring frosts, while an east slope is not desirable, as the morning sun does harm by quickly thawing out the buds after a severe cold snap. If located near a small village or city the fruit could be marketed without expense for transportation at a somewhat higher price than could be obtained for fruit brought from a distance. Although the prices might not run as high as in large cities, they would not go as low.

Prof. W. B. Barrows of the Agricultural College, who was to have talked upon "Bees and Horticulture" was unable to be present and the question was opened by J. A. Pearce of Grand Rapids, a successful fruit grower and apiarist. He spoke of the value of bees in fertilizing the flowers of our fruit trees, as without them many of the varieties of apples, pears and plums would be unfruitful. He claimed that it had been demonstrated that bees cannot puncture fruit, although they feed upon specimens of which the skin has been broken by means of hornets or birds. In reply to a question, Prof. Taft stated that it would not pay to use a mulch about peach trees to retard blooming and save from spring frosts, as although it might have a slight effect it had been demonstrated that the flower would open while the ground was still frozen, if the weather was sufficiently warm.

The afternoon session was opened by J. W. Stearns of Kalamazoo who spoke upon "Currants and Gooseberries." He favored a distance of six by five or six by six feet, the liberal use of stable manure, frequent shallow cultivation up to the first of August and the use of Paris green for the currant worm, applied when they first hatch. Four ounces is sufficient for fifty gallons, and this can be used in Bordeaux mixture which is effective against the mildew and leaf-blight disease. Gooseberries should remain until ripe upon the bushes.

The Victoria currant and Downing gooseberries are productive varieties and are particularly desirable on account of freedom from the attack of borers.

The subject of "Strawberry Culture" was treated by R. M. Kellogg of Ionia, who ascribed many of the failures with this fruit to the use of plants from old, run out plantations. They should always be taken from plants set the previous year and before they have borne fruit.

Prepare the land by plowing deep, and subsoiling if there is a hard pan near the surface. Light land should be rolled, after it has been thoroughly harrowed, in order that the moisture may be brought up to supply the newly set plants. Then loosen the surface with some shallow-working harrow in order that the evaporation into the air from the surface may be checked.

After the plants are set start the cultivation at once, using a weeder, and keep it up once a week and oftener in dry weather through the season, using a Planet, Jr., or similar cultivator after the runners start. Cut off all blossoms as soon as they appear the first year, and remove many of the runners so that if in rows the plants will make a thin mat not over a foot wide.

Winter Wheat and Winter Rye.

Reports have been received from the correspondents of the Farmers' Review in ten states on the condition of winter wheat and winter rye.

In Illinois winter wheat is in fair shape, but has been injured extensively by the late thawing and freezing weather. The percentage of damage runs all the way from 5 to 50. Fortunately, there are not many reports of the latter amount or near it. A like condition exists in Indiana. In Ohio the loss is still greater, and the present condition is below fair. Michigan reports great loss, but the condition, taking the state as a whole, is a little above fair. In Kentucky the crop is in a very uneven condition, some counties having good prospects, but others expecting little more than half a crop. The loss from freezing and thawing does not seem to be much of a factor. Missouri also has an uneven crop at this time, and the conditions have been various. Some counties have a good start, and no freezing and thawing has taken place. Other counties have lost half of the present stand from this cause alone. We may summarize by saying that the loss for the state has been considerable, and that the present conditions of the crop are fair. In Kansas and Nebraska the crop is in fair to good condition. Little loss has been experienced from freezing and thawing, in fact some of the correspondents complain that they have not had as much cold as they would like. In Iowa there has been small loss on account of recent changes of weather, and the crop in the state is in fair condition. In Wisconsin the crop is reported quite poor, and the recent losses have been great.

Winter rye is in much better condition than wheat, and is generally reported at an average of fair to good.

A Chicago man calls his dog Lama. Conclusion because he has a broken tail.